



Said the rustic in the glade:
"Love is like a summer dream!"
Quoth the laughing, milking maid:
"Love is like a dish of cream—
After its first luscious hour
Apt to get a little sour."
A. G. M.

Between Two Suns

By HARRY STILWELL EDWARDS

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Men in jeans and homespun, singly and by twos and threes, rode into the outer grove. They spoke in whispers and each, as he came into the circle of light from the log fire, dismounted, pressed forward and, touching his hat, took the father's hand.

The burning logs of pine sent upward flitting flames that summoned the house with its doric columns from the shadow behind its magnolias, making flashlight pictures that came and vanished in quiet succession. The aisles among the trees alternated between solemn vistas and a gloom more solemn.

Behind, on the horizon, the lights of a city ten miles away shone like setting stars.

No search of the premises was made—experience had taught these men the futility of search. They waited. That which they waited for came at last, a dog of the "July" breed, obtained from the camp of the county convicts miles away, a dog small, lithe, with long drooping ears and awkward limbs. He could pick up a human trail and follow it with unerring skill, faulting never, except when the scent merged perfectly with something familiar. And, even then, if left patiently to work out his problem, he would succeed.

The cotton planter turned to the negroes who, coming to the scene of excitement, stood waiting just outside the circle of light. He spoke gently: "Go now, boys, to your own homes, and do not move about to-night. I thank you all for coming, and I know that the man we are after doesn't belong here. We don't raise that kind. You—Alec and Uncle Peter and Silas—may remain with me. Your mistress is too ill to be left, and our friends will do all that is necessary."

The negroes dispersed silently, the three named excepted. And then the owner of the dog took the ax which had been found in the house and suffered the animal to sniff at its handle a moment, which he did with increasing interest, and with full comprehension of what was expected of him. He was next taken on to the porch where the entrance had been made, and where he recognized at once a kindred scent. He followed the invisible trail through the window into the room, whisking his tail in growing excitement. He placed his forefeet in the opposite window, looked into the night and down on the ground eight feet below, and whined.

Taking him by the collar, his owner reached outward and downward as far as possible and dropped him. Almost instantly he rushed into the dark-



"Don't Do It, Missy—For God's Sake!"

ness across the flower garden, baying loudly, jumped a fence, passed through the orchard and into a cotton field.

The mounted men in the yard galloped around to a farm gate and the sound of the rushing feet of their horses grew fainter and fainter and died out in the direction of the dog's voice, which was receding straight away.

Thirty minutes later the cavalcade re-entered the grove, the planter advancing to meet them. By a mighty effort, he had up to this moment restrained himself, but at sight of a low, thickset barefoot negro, with elbows bound, and led by a plow line, he lost control. Seizing the ax he rushed upon the wretched man and, but that several spurred their horses across his path while others threw themselves from their saddles and disarmed him, the night's excitement would have ended there.

"Hold, colonel!" said a gray-haired man, who had been acting as leader. "We mustn't make any mistake. Let yo' daughter identify him and we'll tend to the rest. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the crowd, "I will be embarrasin' for th' young lady to face so many. I think that we oughter draw aside till it's over."

He set the example by riding out of the circle of the light, all following except the two who held the prisoner. Obedient to her father's whispered summons, the girl came from the house and stood by the blazing logs, and as she waited, pale and trembling

on finding herself the focus of so many eyes, the negro was brought forward.

She had seen the face of the robber who entered her room, and whom she had beaten off, in a dim light only, but its every feature was indelibly upon her memory. The sight of that face again stifled her beating heart and calmed every nerve. Her level gaze sought his eyes, but they would not meet it. Once, once only, they rested on her face. No pity, no mercy, was there. It was the face of a judge and an executioner. She had not spoken when shrieks broke the stillness and a negro woman, who had come across the cotton field, plunged into the light and, falling, clasped the girl's knees. The woman was almost breathless with excitement and exhaustion. She had run from the distant cabin where the negro had been seized. He was her boy, and came but seldom to this plantation, and then only to escape the consequences of crime elsewhere.

"Don't do it, missy—for God's sake! It warn't him! No, to God, it warn't him! He been dead all night! Say it warn't him, honey—yo' mammy's boy, honey! An' he nussed you an' yours! Yo' sisters died in my arms! Speak, missy! Tell 'em quick, honey, it warn't mammy's—mammy's boy!"

The girl reached down and rested her hand on the head of the old woman. Her face was white and her voice barely audible.

"Hush, mammy!" She looked intently on the brutal face of the prisoner, who had been brought closer. A shudder shook her form, but she did not turn away her eyes. The words she spoke then were inaudible to any of the group except her father. He started violently.

"Child! Child!" he cried, a look of fear on his face. "Remember what you are doing!"

"What does your daughter say, colonel?" asked the leader.

The planter paused and looked on the girl, whose struggle to be calm was apparent to all. He waited in vain.

"That this is not the man!" he said at length.

The amazement of the crowd was evident, though there was no immediate response. The members drew slowly into little groups. The leader sat his horse, thoughtfully regarding the girl.

"If she's sartin, thar ain't nothin' for us to do but turn him loose and try ag'in. My young friend—see you sartin that this ain't the man who went into yo' room to-night?" The girl looked appealingly towards him, the negro woman patting her hand and moaning.

"I am certain," she said, and her white face was not turned away. The old man gazed steadily into it and lifted his hat.

Every man in the party read the meaning of his action and every hat was lifted as the woman and girl withdrew.

"Colonel," he said, when they were gone, "under this statement of th' case, we can't do nothin' but turn th' man loose. In a courthouse, if she went thar, as you wouldn't have her, yo' daughter would acquit th' prisoner. Public opinion wouldn't indorse any violence on our part. Boys, untie him!"

The negro was being untied, his hands extended for the purpose, when the man who was working at the knot paused, looking intently at the prisoner's wrist. He called the leader and whispered to him; and as he whispered the negro sought to draw the wrist back under the rough shirt sleeve.

"In th' struggle, colonel," said the leader, coming now to where the father stood thoughtful and depressed, his eyes bent on the flickering fire, "did yo' daughter say anything about er wound she made? Try an' remember, please, sah—it may save her comin' back."

"None whatever. The pistol she held was seized and would have been wrenched from her but that in her desperation she succeeded in— Wait! Wait!" she cried, rushing forward. "There must have been a wound! Look for a wound on his wrist!"

The negro's arm was seized and, in spite of a frantic struggle on his part to conceal it, the print of the girl's teeth, where they had sunk into the flesh, became visible. He would have cried out but a hand was laid over his mouth until a gag had been found.

"Stay here, colonel," said the leader as the party mounted and rode away with their prisoner. "We won't need no help!"

The planter remained. He waited sadly by the fire until Peter extinguished it and then passed slowly to the house. Through the still open window he saw his daughter on her knees, convulsed with the agony of remorse for her first lie. Her "Mammy," bending over her, was powerless to comfort. The girl was crying.

"Thou knowest my heart! Thou knowest if I have sinned against Thee! Thou—Thou hast said, 'Vengeance is mine—I will repay!'"

The father bowed his head and passed on in silence. As he stood at the end of the porch, mute and oppressed, there came across the fields the faint echo of a volley.

Hay fever differs from a question before the legislature in the fact that the ayes and noes both have it.

PRESIDENT'S YACHT

NAVAL MEN'S IDEAS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Boat Which Has Left on Southern Mission Will Not Rob President of Any Pleasure.

New York.—The Mayflower, which President Roosevelt has given up that it may be free to perform a mission in the turbulent waters of South America, is an elegant boat but her going brings no pang of regret to the president, for naval men who know what they are talking about say that he "hates yachting."

This may surprise you, but if you express your surprise to your naval informant he will probably start in and tell you of the president's one and only yachting trip for pleasure.

"Somebody invited him to go a few years ago, and the invitation must have struck him when his stock of excuses was phenomenally low. At any rate he couldn't seem to beg off, so he very reluctantly went abroad and the yacht started.

"But just as it left its anchorage the president suddenly declared that he had forgotten something of the utmost importance and that he'd have to go back after it. Threats, prayers, entreaties—all were vain. The mysterious something must be got and by himself.

"A small boat was called, for the president insisted on rowing himself ashore in a local boat, and off he went. Yes sir, off he went—and he never came back. And that, you understand, was his one and only yachting trip for pleasure.

"If he could whang the whole ship around maybe he'd like it better. But when he has a voyage of any consequence to make, as the cruise to Panama, he doesn't go on the Mayflower anyway. He goes on a big battleship, where there are plenty of things to keep him interested."

The Mayflower was built in 1896 at Clydebank, Scotland, for Ogden



Apartment That Was the President's Stateroom.

Goelet. The Thompsons were her builders and she was one of the handiest vessels of her kind afloat when she was finished. She made her first and her only cruise under private ownership when she brought the body of Ogden Goelet to this country in 1897.

When the war with Spain began the Mayflower was bought by this government and is the largest and finest, though not the fastest, of our converted yachts. All her fine fittings were taken out of her before she was put into commission, but after the war many of them were restored.

When she was built her various rooms were finished in different woods, but they are now uniformly covered with white enamel. She has several beautiful marble mantelpieces, and her interior woodwork has some good carvings and moldings. The former library has been made over and is now transformed into two staterooms for the use of the president and his wife or his guests.

The china, linen and such furnishings are different from those which the vessel would receive if she were not used by the president. But the difference is only to this degree; that they are the special linen, china, etc., provided for use by an admiral. These are all especially made for the use of our admirals, and display the emblem peculiar to that rank.

The vessel, however, is not commanded by an admiral, nor has any special rank gone with its command because of its personal use by the president. It has had a complement of eight officers and 165 men, is built of steel, is 2,690 tons displacement, has a speed of 16.8 knots, is 273 feet long, 36 feet in breadth, and has a mean draught of 17 feet 4 inches.

Khedive Bought Wife for \$400. Abbas II, khedive of Egypt, is one of the most progressive and enlightened of foreign rulers. Passionately fond of travel, he goes about the world with his eyes open and has introduced many excellent reforms into the country over which he rules. Unconventional to a degree, he has amused himself and horrified his suite by donning overalls and driving a railway engine.

The khedive, by the way, unlike the sultan, has no imperial harem. His wife was a beautiful Circassian slave, bought by his mother chiefly on account of her beauty from a powerful Turkish pacha for less than \$80. The Mohammedan religion permits the khedive for wives, but Abbas II, like his father, is content with one, and is passionately devoted to the beautiful Circassian who has borne him five charming daughters and a promising son.

The Wisdom of the Serpent. "Down in Bermuda," said a Cincinnati, "I heard Mark Twain make a speech about snakes to a group of little girls. The speech was great. The only trouble was that the little girls could not appreciate it. It flew over their heads."

"I remember the humorist's conclusion. 'Never warm a serpent in your bosom,' he wound up. 'It is far easier to warm it by placing it under the pillow of an intimate friend.'"

NEW YORK MODES

By Julia Bottomley



All the windows are ablaze with apparel for the two hot months. Windows and window gazers are alike decked out in cool, seductive and comfortable midsummer toggery. Beginning with hats, Panamas hold the paramount place for outing. They are simply trimmed with big drooping bows of pongee silk, drapes of chiffon, choux of Dresden and Persian ribbons, or with simple woven silk scarves. A variety of shapes is shown, all soft and allowing the brim to turn down protectively over the eyes.

New and Extreme Shapes. Chips are next in evidence. Naturally we find among them a greater variety in sizes and shapes—crowns bigger, brims wider, than in the elegant but conventional Panama. Ribbons, roses and field flowers—Dresden patterns in ribbon and flowered cretonne are noted on some—others venture as far as not and flower combinations. A pretty example shows a cone-shaped crown swathed with ring-dotted net, and this studded with pale yellow sunflowers. Even with this combination the model is a rakish shape and suggests vacation time, tramps over the hills and across the fields. These hats are moderate and convenient in size and very light on the head. Some pretty and striking models are trimmed with ribbon with white ruching stretched along one edge. Narrow black plaited mull is also used in this way.

The large puffed crown of net divides honors with the plain crown of lace. Full plaited brims, or brims lined with ruffles of net edged with lace, make up the fluffiness about the face. A twist of ribbon about the crown, plain or figured, with delicious blurred flowers on a light ground, is made into a full rosette bow on one side. A single rose and bud lie upon the brim. Sometimes a wreath of small flowers and foliage and a twist of black velvet ribbon surrounds the crown.

One of the prettiest models looks like gray lace, but is really made of white point d'esprit plaitings with black laid over the white. A big aigrette in white, with black velvet ribbon, finish this model.

The Craze for Cretonne. A craze for cretonne in flowered patterns appears to have seized upon upper tenement. Between these cretonnes and Dresdens in silks and ribbons everything is flowery. Collars, cuffs, belts, bags, parasols and shoes in cretonne, besides the frivolous little coats and parasols of the same material, furnish us a festival of roses. Flowered silks are also used, so like the cretonne that the eye is deceived.

Some small shapes are covered with figured silk laid on plain. Large plain silk-covered frames are bordered with Dresden, in borders an inch and a half wide. The same ideas will reappear in velvet for fall.—Illustrated Milliner.

CLING TO THE PETTICOAT.

American Women Are Slow to Adopt the "Knicker."

In spite of the pre-eminence of directoire modes the petticoat still retains its hold in the affections of American women.

The lingerie petticoat is, in fact, more a thing of beauty now than before its prestige was threatened by the "knicker."

It is developed in batiste and sheer linen and is nearly always finished with a Spanish flounce of lace or embroidery.

This flounce is generally attached by ribbons and the petticoat ribbon has now become an item in woman's dress.

Of late lingerie makers have included dainty in the list of petticoat materials and use it just as they do mulls and sheer muslins.

Dotted swiss is still regarded as one of the daintiest of materials for the petticoat flounce. And the fanciful bordered effects in this goods are reconciling many women to the faded colored lingerie.

The quality of the ribbons is not restricted and the width is constantly becoming more pronounced.

PALE BLUE CHIP HAT.

Lined with Black, and Trimmed with Plaited Muslin, Edged with Lace.

A Nursery Toy Bag. A strong, washable bag is an excellent addition to the nursery in which to store balls, marbles and such like small odds and ends of the toy cupboard.

Half a yard of good stout gray or blue linen about a yard wide will make a good bag. A draw string must be placed about four inches from the top, and one of the sides should be left open half way down to allow the toys to be easily slipped into it.

If hung by a draw tape on a nail or peg inside the nursery toy cupboard it will be found a useful and welcome addition, and one which will help to keep the shelves neat and tidy.

Electricity Leads All.

Electricity excels all other methods of transmission for convenience, says the Scientific American. An electric cable may be strung where required, and machinery may be arranged in any position without reference to line shafting. There are instances, however, where rope drive will save both in first cost and in cost of operation, particularly when the process of manufacturing calls for a number of parallel shafts with machines in one place.

Pretty Neck Ruffs. Among the prettiest neck ruffs is the white ostrich feather bow, tied with soft white ribbon in a bow under the left ear.

White tulle is an excellent substitute that is exceedingly becoming to girlish faces, but a fluffy hat should be the only kind worn with these soft filmy accessories. Many women seem to forget this, and don one of the pretty ruffs without a thought as to the rest of the toilet, consequently one sees many inharmonious effects.

MISSOURI NEWS

Wooden Leg Betrays Him.

Springfield.—The imprints of his wooden leg were the cause of the conviction of Charles Dukes of a burglary charge in the criminal court here. He was given three years in state's prison on his plea of guilty. Following the robbery of a store here, Dukes became active in aiding the police to run down the robbers. Detectives caught a glimpse of the imprints of his wooden leg and arrested him. Then he confessed to the robbery.

Finds Prisoner Sawing Out of Jail.

Cassville.—Sheriff O'Dwyer and his deputies made a search of the felony prisoners now in the Barry county jail at Cassville and found concealed three small steel saws, two pieces of saws and three pieces of steel taken from old shoes, one sling shot and one bar of iron. With these tools Edward Fogarty, alias Joe Fields, was fast cutting his way through a steel cage floor.

Cassville Republican Sold.

Cassville.—Senator John M. Grimes, for eight years editor of the Cassville Republican, has sold his paper to E. N. Meador of Cassville. Senator Grimes will devote his attention at present to his official duties as state senator. Mr. Meador has been a student in the law department of the University of Missouri for the last two years and was formerly superintendent of schools in Cassville.

Former Editor Gets State Berth.

Columbia.—W. L. Nelson, who was a member of the Forty-first and Forty-fourth general assemblies, has been appointed assistant secretary of the state board of agriculture. Mr. Nelson, who was for 15 years editor of the Puncetion (Mo.) Eagle, will issue a series of bulletins on the resources of Missouri and will have charge of the publicity work of the board of agriculture.

Train Kills Unknown Man.

St. Joseph.—An unidentified man, who is believed to have been attending the chautauque at Wathena, Kas., six miles west of this city, was struck by the engine of a St. Joseph & Grand Island passenger train near the west entrance of the Missouri river bridge and killed. The body was so badly mangled that identification is rendered difficult. No letters were found. The man had considerable money and was well dressed.

Was Great Aid to Drury.

Springfield.—Dr. Homer J. Fuller, former president of Drury college, who died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., raised a fund of \$150,000, out of which Pearson Hall and McCulloch cottage were erected at Drury and added materially to the endowment fund. He was instructor in chemistry and ethics in addition to his executive duties. He resigned the presidency of Drury because of ill health.

Knocked Senseless by Bolt.

Breckenridge.—This section was visited by a severe electric storm and a big rain. The lightning struck in many places, doing much damage. The residence of James Cox was struck and Mrs. Cox was knocked down. She was unconscious for several hours, but is recovering. On the farm of Thomas Hicks, lightning killed four cows and on his brother's farm seven horses were killed.

Murderer Seeks Clemency.

Kingston.—Albert Filley, the triple murderer whose execution is set for Aug. 21, will ask the governor to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment. Until a day ago he stoutly maintained that he could not go to the scaffold any too soon, but later sent for William Henry at Cameron, his attorney, who announced his intentions of asking executive clemency.

Saves Her Daughter; Faints.

Springfield.—Mildred Thompson, the 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Thompson of West Plains, fell into a cistern. The child kept her head above water by clinging to rocky projections until her mother lowered a rope. Mrs. Thompson was so overjoyed at saving her daughter that she swooned.

Gasoline Explodes, Woman Burned.

Breckenridge.—A gasoline explosion in her home so severely burned Mrs. W. H. Watkins from head to foot that slight hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Centralla Fair a Winner.

Centralla.—The fourteenth annual fair of Centralla is the most successful in its history. More than 200 show horses are on the grounds, and the exhibit in the floral department is excellent. The attendance is large.

River Swallows Farm Land.

Kansas City.—Work has been begun by the government at Atherton, to the east end of Jackson county, to stop the ravages of the Missouri river. The stream is swallowing valuable farm land at the rate of 25 or 30 acres a day. More than 500 acres are gone.

Reward for James Smith.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Folk offers a reward of \$200 for the arrest of Jas. Smith, who is charged with having murdered Syrum T. Hoover in Ray county Aug. 2, 1906.

St. Louisans Get Poplar Bluff Paper.

Poplar Bluff.—Harvey W. Ferguson and E. E. Travis, both formerly of St. Louis, purchased the plant of the Evening Democrat here. They have acquired a daily telegraphic news service and will install new presses and material.

Admits He Killed His Father.

California.—Robert Kenney, aged 15 years, confessed he shot and killed his father, Coleman B. Kenney, a wealthy farmer, because the latter refused to give him a mare and colt.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-runa be submitted to any medical expert, or of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Pe-runa are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic and general health builders. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Pe-runa is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Pe-runa has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon its label the principal active constituents, showing that Pe-runa invites the full inspection of the critic.

FATIGUED EXPRESSION.



"Nearly all is."

THE TIME TEST.

That is What Proves True Merit.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

One by the Colonel.

Some one had been telling the colonel about weather so warm that eggs could be fried on the sidewalk.

"Call that hot weather!" scoffed the colonel. "Why, that's nothing, sah."

"Think not, colonel?"

"No, sah. Why, Ah have seen it so hot down south, sah, that the popcorn popped right on the stalk."

"When?"

"And that's not all, sah. The juice in the cane in the next field turned to molasses, ran through the fence, mixed up with the popcorn and formed the finest combination of popcorn and molasses that ever crossed your lips, sah. Talk about hot weather? Huh!"

Why He Felt Sad.

"Young man," said the stern old broker, "I find that you slipped off yesterday afternoon and went to the ball game. Don't you feel bad about it?"

"Indeed I do, boss," confessed Tommy.

"Ah! That's one consolation."

"Yes, I felt bad 'cause the home team lost."

News to Him.

Wife (reading)—A scientist claims that cryptococcussanthracinus causes yellow fever.

Husband—Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw.—Rehoboth Sun day Herald.

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day when he wants the whisky or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon. 'My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.